

## FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

*An Alaskan Maiden.*

There have been in this city recently four very interesting little people, four little girls, Riner, Owea, Ao Kier Pea-Ak and Ar Kink. They are four little Eskimo girls. The oldest, with the long name, Ao Kier Pea-Ak, which means "limber bodied girl," is 14 years old. Ri-



ner is 3 years old. They are with their parents, except Riner, whose father and mother were left at home. They were brought to this country by Captain Minor W. Bruce, a government officer, and they live when at home in a country never free from frozen snow. They are from Alaska, near Fort Clarence.

The little Eskimo girls are dressed just as they are at home. Riner, whose picture is given, is a very pretty baby girl. She wears a hooded blouse made of ermine and mink furs. Her trousers are made of mink fur and reindeer skin, with the white hair on the outside. She wears cute little sealskin moccasins or stockings, which come up to her knees, and are tightened from the ankles up with buckskin thong or rings. She is dark, but has a clear, clean brown skin; a round, chubby face; beady, black eyes, and the blackest of black hair—and she wears it banded.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

*The Lament of the Outgrown Doll.*

On hidden well,  
Within safe I tell,  
Of a dear, unfortunate doll,  
Who was born in France  
And given by chance  
To a sweet little girl named Polly.

A wee little girl,  
With fair hair and shoulders,  
When I said she  
Wouldn't sing, we  
Were the joy of all her brothers.

Day after day,  
As time passed a way,  
We'd sing to you to keep jolly;  
But still you'd sing  
For the greater part.  
This dear little girl named Polly.

She who was always  
Bright, fair, and vivacious,  
And then she was four times three!  
Sistering her crib,  
Barefooted this,  
And now—she has outgrown just

Engaged, forsooth,  
From night till morn  
Hid in the playroom corner—  
From mirthful night,  
To the measured night,  
Like a quiet little Jack Horner.

With a frozen stare  
At the walls I grieve,  
My mind to the question giving,  
If the life of a doll  
Can give me a living.  
Be many worth the living!  
—Willa Schaefer in St. Nicholas.

*An Amazing Game.*

An amusing game which children like is played thus: Three or more players sit around the table, and each has a pencil and a piece of paper rolled into three. Then the player draws a picture of the head of a man, beast, bird or fish, carrying the lines of the neck over the first fold to



guide the next person. The head is folded over so as not to be seen, and the papers are passed on to the left hand neighbors. Then each player draws a body, also carrying the lines a little below the fold. It is then passed on as before, and the legs are drawn in the same way and folded over. Then they are opened, and if well done cause a great deal of laughter. Of course each person does not know what his predecessor has drawn, and the body and legs are quite different and look like the drawing given herewith.—New York Tribune.

*Hard to Encourage.*

At Antietam, just after the artillery had been sharply engaged, the Rockford (Ia.) battery was scolding, awaiting orders. General Lee approached and stopped a moment.

A dirty faced driver of about 17 said to him:

"General, are you going to put us in again?"

Think of such a question from such a source addressed to the general of the army, especially when that general's name was Lee!

"Yes, my boy," the stately officer answered kindly; "I have to put you in again. But what is your name? Your face seems familiar to me somehow."

"I don't wonder you didn't know me, sir. I'm so dirty," laughed the lad, "but I'm Bob."

It was the general's youngest son, whom he had thought safe at the Virginia Institute.—Youth's Companion.

## A QUARTER OF A CENTURY OLD.

*Sorosis Celebrates the Twenty-sixth Anniversary of Its Organization.*

On March 19 Sorosis was 20 years old. The day was celebrated by a breakfast at which the new officers were installed. Mrs. Lozier, the retiring president, who presided, said:

"Members of Sorosis and dear friends, today we celebrate our twenty-sixth anniversary and begin the second quarter century of our club life. We must not count our anniversaries, wonderful though they are, more than milestones on our journey toward the spiritual temple of a noble and purified womanhood, 'whose stones shall be laid with fair colors, whose polished stones shall be our daughters.' That temple opens its portals to the singer, the writer, the student, the artist, the tender hearted Dorcas, the angel of the household. We widen our sympathies with our knowledge, and we go on in a healthful growth until our idea shall encircle the world, until groups of women everywhere shall be transformed into what we have found to be one of the best and happiest schools for woman's development—the woman's club."

After music by the New York Ladies' quartet Mrs. Lozier installed the new officers, making a graceful little speech in reference to the new president, Mrs. Helmuth, who is the seventh to occupy that office in Sorosis.

"You know that for a long time," said

Mrs. Lozier, "the seventh star of the plow was supposed to be lost, wandering about in trackless space. But we are happy to say that we have found her at last. There seems to be some peculiar association with the number seven, and now that we complete the seven strings of harmony we shall expect the last one to be the best of all."

Our new president is a widow whose husband was a government officer, and they live when at home in a country never free from frozen snow. They are from Alaska, near Fort Clarence.

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*Can give me a living!**—Willa Schaefer in St. Nicholas.**An Amazing Game.**Played thus:*

The sphere of woman has been greatly enlarged for the past few years, one hears from the fair sex in all the phases and departments of life. The West End now employs a corps of women detectives, who are supposed to keep tabs upon conchies who may show an inclination to knock-down rakes. That great corporation finds that women make better detectives than the men because their eagle eye is not easily detected.

The women cast a very tight look at the clock register when a fare is going in, and nothing is thought of it, but a man who is seen looking at the register is pointed out by every body as a West End detective. The women detectives, like the men detectives, as soon as discovered, are of no further use to the West End.—Boston Pilot.

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*The Reign of Tulle.*

Tulle is becoming extremely fashionable in Paris and therefore all over the world. It is threatening to overtake the long popular chiffons, and at the leading Parisian dressmakers this season many evening dresses have been made for girls and young married women of tulle or silk slips of self or contrasting colors. A pretty model is a changeable glass taffeta in pale pink and azure, covered over entirely with azure silk tulle. The skirt has a loose fold about the feet, caught in intervals with rosettes of pink and azure moire ribbon. The corsage is draped with tulle, and the "puff" sleeves are finished off with ribbon bows, and a delicate tulie ruffle finishes the decolletage given herewith.—Philadelphia Press.

*Was She Won at Dice?*

Two brothers of Mrs. Myrtle Shields, the young lady who married E. E. Crout, alias Willard, a few days ago after an acquaintance of only a few hours, came to Fort Wayne from Payne, O., for consultation with Prosecutor Colerick. They assert that Crout has a wife and child in Chicago and is therefore guilty of bigamy. An investigation will be made. A sensational story in connection with the affair is that Crout and a friend, Jim Loomis of Chicago, threw dice for the young lady, and Crout won. He met Miss Shields and represented himself as Willard, her correspondent, and the hasty marriage followed. She is heiress to quite an estate, and it is the desire of her Ohio brothers to save her from the wiles of an adventurer. Miss Shields has an older sister, who is a member of the Salvation Army.—Fort Wayne Dispatch.

*In the Court of Appeals.*

For the first time in the history of the United States court of appeals in Chicago a woman has argued a case. Miss Kate Pier, who practices law in Milwaukee, on March 14 argued before Judge Woods, Baker and Seaman a personal damage suit against the Crane Elevator company, which she won for her client in the lower court, but which the company appealed.

The case was taken under advisement. Miss Pier wore a tight fitting gown of black velvet and had a big American Beauty rose pinned on her breast.—Chicago Herald.

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NEW WRAPS AND MANTLES.

This handsome mantle-scarf in the center is of green velveteen, trimmed with full frills of black Spanish lace, bordered by a double row of marabou feathers. The back is of green velvet, the ends are of white lace. The short collar is nicely covered with the lace. The mantle on the left is of biscuit cloth braided all over with black mohair, with a spring collar worked in the same way.

*Flowers of Shakespeare.*

More and more interest is taken in everything relating to Shakespeare and his works as the world grows older. The identification of the flowers referred to by the great poet and playwright are among the special points receiving marked attention just now, for as botany was not a science and no botanical names would be employed which would make their identity clear to intelligent persons, Shakespeare would only employ the common names in use at the time, and which unfortunately do not stay common long enough as a general rule to last from generation to generation. The result is the necessity for great research as to what plants were referred to by the great poet.

Rev. Canon Eliot of England has written a work to endeavor to make clear what Shakespeare meant, and just now a lady of Philadelphia is engaged in making water color drawings of them, with it is understood, the intention of publishing them in book form when the task is completed.—Metropolitan Monthly.

*Slow Burning Bottles.*

The advocates of quick combustion buildings have done a good deal of talking since the O'Dell fire. That is their way after the destruction by fire of what the insurance men call a slow combustion building. The claim made by the advocates of quick combustion is that the walls of a burning building erected on the O'Dell style fall inward instead of outward and that the flames are smothered in consequence, is not a good one. If it were, Assistant Chief Shockey, Captain Schimper, Pompiermen Nissen and Reitz and John Conway of the salvage corps would probably be alive today.

A score or more of St. Louis fires have been buried under falling walls, some being caught inside and others outside of the house on fire, but no insurance has the destruction of a slow combustion building resulted in the loss of life. The walls of such buildings fall sometimes, and it may be that they fall outward, but as a rule they remain intact, even though the floors and roof are burned away.—St. Louis Republic.

*The King's Umbrella.*  
Among certain African nations the umbrella is a symbol of royalty. British soldiers carry off the king's umbrella after every little war. The monarch usually sends to London for a new one. A favorite in that city is now making an immense umbrella for a cable dealer not far from the territories of the late King Coffee. It is the largest umbrella in the world. The stick is 15 feet long, the ribs are of brass, and when they are extended cover a space sufficient for 12 persons. The premier or other favored members of the government selected for the honor of carrying this enormous spread of gingham over the king and his family.

—Chicago Daily News.

*The King's Umbrella.*  
The public building commission's office levels take great pains with the education of Sam, the half grown Maltese kitten which takes such an interest in the proceedings of that body on meeting days.

They have an idea that all cats should catch mice and rats, so the other day a mouse was brought into the office and fasted by means of a string attached to its tail. When this had been done, Sam's attention was directed toward it. He looked at it for some time with a mild degree of wonder depicted on his countenance and then quietly walked over to the terrified mouse, smelled it and lay down.

All efforts to induce the kitten to kill the mouse failed, so he was finally let alone. He continued to lay within reach of the mouse's tether, and in a few minutes the men were surprised to see the mouse perched contentedly on the kitten's back.—Tit-Bits.

*To Be Continued.*  
Mrs. Honeymoon (to be continued) — She's a widow, but she's got a new husband.

Old Harry (continued) — His wife has died, but he's still here, but I'll leave the score with this gentleman by the window.—Tit-Bits.

*Signs of Spring.*  
"Isn't it pleasant?" said one railway passenger to another. "To see all these signs of spring."

"Yes, and there are so many of them, too. We haven't passed a single barn that didn't have a decent medallion on it."—Washington Star.

*Judging by Sound.*  
"The family across the way is quite fortunate," said a woman to her neighbor. "One of the sons is a parson, and the other is a kleptomaniac."

"Really! I thought he was a gentleman!"—Detroit Free Press.

*We Americans.*  
"Who was that distinguished looking fellow you were just bowing to, Mabel?"

"That's Oh, that was one of father's clerks."

"Really! I thought he was a gentleman!"—Life.

*Signs of Spring.*  
Visitor—Johnnie, what is that awful noise in your back yard?

Rev. Amer's Youngest—That's just practicing his vacation cough.—Hallo.

J. E. Jones.

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